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POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,

Ottawa, 9th November, 1910. G. C. ANDERSON, Superintendent





him and his anger, he saw the glitter of tears. That adroit and accomplished charlatan of theatrical emotions was weeping, weeping like a woman, genuinely, bitterly.

"And you said you'd be gentle with her!" said Prentiss, with a tightening in the throat.

It was only then that the Course.

her!" said Prentiss, with a tightening in the throat.

It was only then that the Governor looked up at him out of his tired and hound-like eyes. He moved his head slowly from side to side.

"It had to be done, my boy," he whispered, with a husky sob into which seemed to precipitate all the misery and weariness of the past uncertain weeks. "It had to be done!"

Prentiss, following the nurse, went into the dimly-lit bedroom. The doctor sat beside the woman under the coverlet, watching her breathing. A few feet away stood an oxygen tank.

Prentiss bent over the bluish grey face with its olive and purplish shadows close up under the eyes. He saw the frail, white wrist and the limp hand that hung over the coverlet. Again some vague yet desolating sense of detachment, of alienation, swept over him. He felt that something as impenetrable as steel had been built up between them. It brought him on his knees beside the bed, catching hungrily at the limp hand.

She opened her eyes and stared up at

She opened her eyes and stared up at him for a long time. Then she remembered, and smiled drowsily. He stooped lower and tried to whisper to her. But the narcotic had already begun to take effect, and there was no response. He felt something prophetic in it. He still held the hand close, but something intangible and immaterial slipped in and stayed between them, for all the closeness of that contact. He was with her, and yet he was being cheated out of her companionship.

He watched the sleeper as she stirred uneasily in her opiatic stupor. He saw the frail body contort and relax, and still again crawl up and cringe together. Then from her almost colourless lips came the quavering cry of animal-like terror: "Oh, I'll do it, Governor: I'll do it!" She opened her eyes and stared up at

came the quavering cry of animal-like terror: "Oh, I'll do it, Governor; I'll do it!"

Prentiss, as the nurse came and leaned over the shaken and still sobbing figure, knew that the ribbon had been won and the hurdle had been taken. But as he watched the white face that seemed to recede visibly into the depths of its slumber again, he wondered if it

## Mystery of the Tower

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he ask them to search for her? Had he the right to do this? Assume some simple explanation for her disappear-ance, she must naturally resent his ac-tion. Then he thought of the photo-graph and the bitter words written across it.
"Curses come home to roost," he mut-

tered; and he was appalled to think how the tower which the old man had so bit-terly hated had been the cause of the old man's death.

old man's death.

The fever mounted to his head as the time dragged on, and only iron will power dragged him back to coherence when at last the chauffeur came to him. "Her ladyship told me to come to you, sir," said the young man.

"Yes—yes. You found—"

"The young lady left with a lady at the time of her father's funeral, the hall porter said, and she came back to-day, alone—"

"Well, go on."

"She's gone off to Paris, sir,"

"She's gone off to Paris, sir."
Marshall uttered an exclamation of

dismay.

"That's all I could find out, sir." And the chauffeur went away.

This was the last straw. She had deserted him.

### CHAPTER XII.

W ITHIN the hour Lady Yatton was at the police station, and the inspector was listening with much deference to the strange story unfolded by the charming lady of the Manor. She told him everything, and ended by saying that she had sent a note asking Doctor Jennings to call on him that afternoon and give the inspector the medical view of the case.

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